

Saving Money in the Home

\$1 PAID FOR EACH DOLLAR SAVED

How I Saved a Dollar.

Here is a chance for every one to earn a dollar by telling how she has saved a dollar. It may be a dollar or more. It may have been saved in a day or a week. However, all that matters is HOW it was saved.

\$1 saved and \$1 earned by the telling of the saving makes \$2. How about it? Be brief and write only on one side of paper.

I will award a prize of \$1 each day for one of the suggestions which I print.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

P. S.—If you wait a prize, you must be willing to have your name and address used, because that is only fair to other contestants who have a right to know that each day's prize winner is an actual person. However, I am delighted to have all sorts of ideas sent in which, if not given a prize, will be printed with initials only and help the other readers.

If your first letter doesn't get a prize, try again. Even if it does, that is no bar to your getting another if your idea is worth it.

E. L.

WHATEVER fuel you use make it go as far as possible. A fire must have air beside fuel to make it burn. See that the air passages are clear and that the flame is properly regulated by a correct flow of air.

Keep the temperature of the house at about 70 unless there are invalids, young children, or people in the house.

Weather strips, storm windows, and doors and drawn shades save fuel, but be careful to provide proper ventilation.

Do not heat unused room. In using a hot water system cover unused radiators to prevent freezing. An asbestos-covered and covered pipes will save a large quantity of fuel.

The fuel question should be given the greatest attention by the housekeeper. Unusually it falls to the lot of the "man of the house" to attend to the furnace and the amount of fuel he exercises in the discharge of his task largely determines the size of his fuel bill. Whether the fuel be gas, coal, or oil, or at three, the most economical economy should be practiced, for there is an ever-increasing shortage of fuels, and Government experts tell us that our present available supplies are rapidly diminishing.

The regulation of dampers and drafts is the first consideration. Thousands of tons of coal go up the chimneys of the nation in useless smoke and by proper care and thought most of this waste can be prevented. A "roaring fire" may sound cheerful, but it means that most of the heat is escaping into the outside air. It is like throwing so much money in the ocean. The bottom door of the heater should be kept closed after the fire has got a good start or when the fire is banked for the night. The damper over the fire should be closed if the fire burns too rapidly. Wide-open dampers take heat away from the oven in cooking, and in heating plants most of the heat goes up the chimney. A careful study of the dampers and doors of your cooking or heating plant will save you money. It is the most important feature of fuel saving.

Keep the heating plant free from ashes and soot at all times. A layer of ashes over the stove or on steam pipes means that the heat has first to penetrate the ashes before it can reach the place where it is needed.

It is economy to keep a coal fire over from day to day, especially in the case of a coal stove, where the fire is used for heating as well as cooking. Clean out the ashes in the evening. Open the dampers and put fresh coal on until the fresh fuel has become well ignited. When you put on coal until the firebox is almost full and close all dampers except the check draft in the stove pipe, which must be open, or partly open, to carry off the gas. In the morning shake the fire and open the drafts until the fire burns freshly and clearly. It may be necessary to put on more coal, after which your fire is ready for the day's work.

Gas, kerosene, and gasoline are economies for cooking if carefully used. Never mix gasoline and kerosene and never use gasoline in a kerosene stove. Above all things, never use gasoline or kerosene to start a wood or coal fire.

If using a gasoline or kerosene stove follow carefully the directions that come with it. Many of these stoves have special burners and require special treatment.

In cooking with gas see that the top of the flame just reaches the bottom of the cooking vessel. Turn the flames down after the boiling point is reached. Water which is boiling fast gets no hotter than water which is boiling slowly. Do not permit gas to "blow" through the burners. The flames should be regulated by the air valve near the stove. If you have trouble with your gas range telephone your gas company and a man will be sent to repair it. The gas companies as a rule are anxious for you to get maximum efficiency from their service.

Government experts estimate that half an hour a day spent in regulating and caring for your furnace will save 15 per cent of your fuel expense. It is an economy to cover furnace pipes with asbestos, although the first cost may seem large. If your cellar is unusually hot, a large percentage of your heat is going where it can do no good. Use weather strips on your windows and doors and you will soon notice the difference in room temperature. It is not necessary to keep your house "warm as a toast." A temperature of 68 degrees is comfortable and healthful.

There Is No Reason Why

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KOONS & MURPHY

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The True Reason

Why Tea Affected Jack's Heart

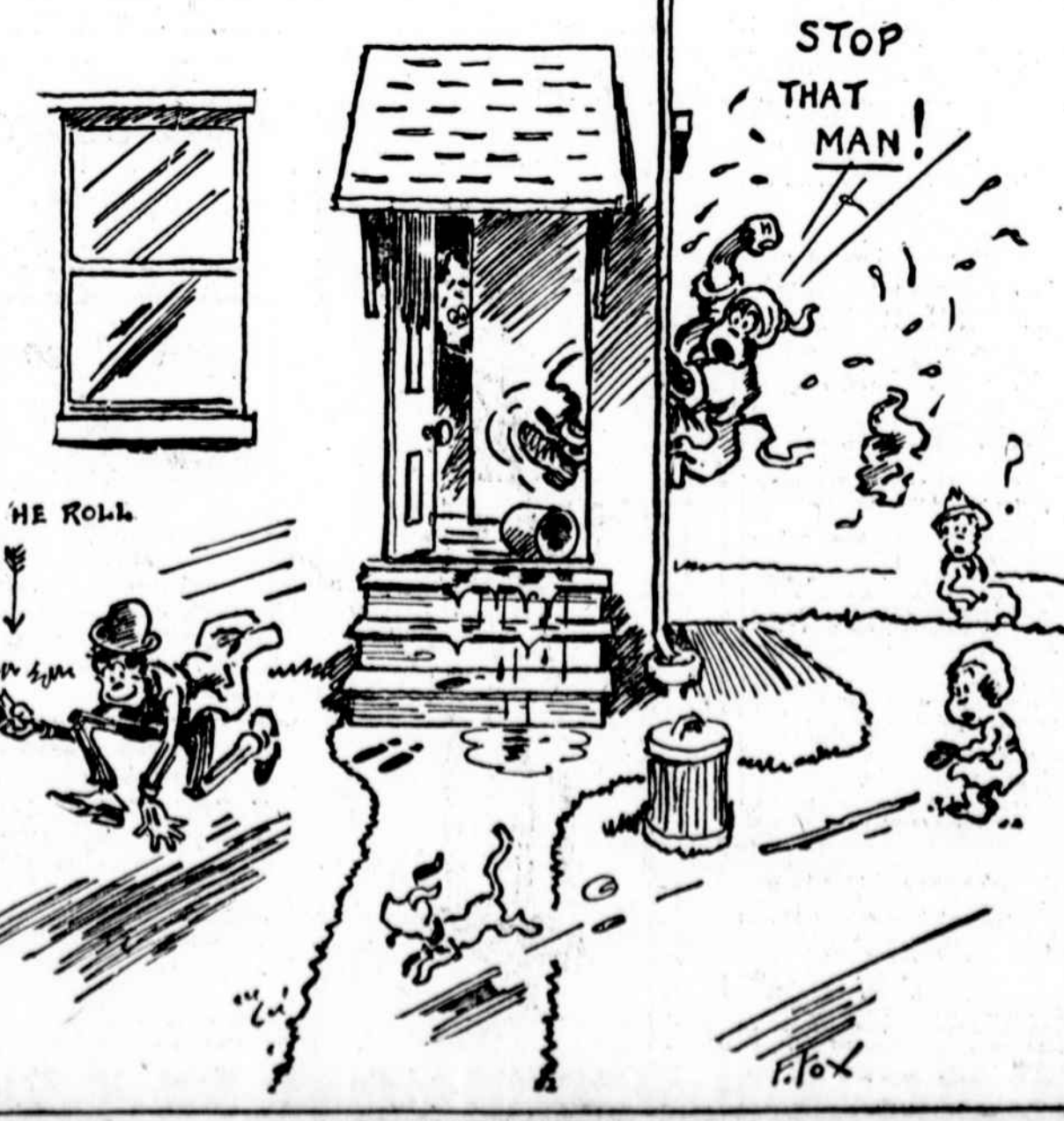
DRAWN BY C. D. BATCHELOR



ARABELLA WINTERBLOSSOM'S SHIFTLESS HUSBAND.

By FONTAINE FOX.

— PINNED HER KNEES DOWN WITH THE WINDOW SHE WAS WASHING AND GOT \$14 OUT OF HER STOCKING.



DEAR ELIZABETH LATTIMER: I have been reading with interest the different letters published every evening in your column, and I noticed last night you were asking for another use for father's old shirt. My sister has a boy and girl, aged four and two, respectively, and out of their father's old shirt she makes very nice little aprons or dresses for the little girl. She makes them perfectly plain, with a little round collar edged with some of the numerous braids or edges made for that purpose. By leaving them open in the back they can easily be slipped on over a good dress to protect it, or by sewing them up they make very nice little dresses to play around in the morning, and as children at that age require so many changes, she saves many a dollar that way.

For the boy they make very nice little trousers, and by buying some plain material to harmonize with the predominant color in the old shirt he can have many attractive little suits at half the cost.

MRS. F. B. OLCOTT, 2556 University place.

For the benefit of those women who are still sending in suggestions about making women's aprons from "father's old shirts," I want to say that I long since gave a prize for that idea.

His Reason. The new minister was paying a visit. The small boy of the house shook hands very politely. "And now, my little man," the minister said, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

To the surprise of the assembled family the child said: "I'm going to be a preacher."

"That's good! I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister, taking the boy on his knee.

Encouraged by this friendliness the boy continued: "Well, I'm going to be a preacher. I would water be a lawyer, but I haven't got thenthough enough, and I'll have to be a preacher."

Speaking His Mind. After she had come home from the party in the four-wheeled cab, little Ethel was telling her mother all her adventures.

"And did you enjoy the ride home, dear?" asked mother.

"Oh, it was thrilling!" exclaimed the child. "Down at Mason street the horse suddenly stopped and backed right on to the pavement, and the cabman had to get down and drag it back on to the road."

"Yes, dear," said mother wisely. "It must have been what they call a fibbing horse."

"That wasn't one of the names the cabman called it!" replied Ethel thoughtfully.

The Guests We Like

By Loretto C. Lynch.

WE all have guests once in a while, and we are all conscious at some time or other that there are certain folks we just love to have, while there are others we are not so delighted to have, and there are again others whose very coming we fear.

Now, who are the guests we like, and what is it about some guests that makes us like to have them?

During the school holidays last winter a nice, homely woman, who has a high regard for her furnishings, invited two girls whose mother was ill in a hospital to spend their holiday week at her home.

"Going to invite them again this year?" I ventured.

Mrs. Smith looked at me and shook her head wearily, saying: "Oh, no; never again." Here is the story.

Little Margaret was seven, her sister, Mary, thirteen. Mrs. Smith's mahogany table still bore a reminder of little Margaret's fondness for the English alphabet with a nice sharp pin. Twice Mrs. Smith corrected the little girl for this, but Margaret had never learned obedience and became decidedly defiant.

There were only a few things to eat that the children liked. These were among the expensive, hard-to-get foods and usually quite unsuited to a child. They had been pampered to death at home and their anemic little bodies were typical of what happens when a child is allowed to select its food.

"I just love to have May visit me," remarked a woman whose many household cares kept her from visiting very often. Yet Mrs. Black's face lighted up at the very thought of May's coming. And all May's friends were just as glad to have her as a guest.

May was a bachelor girl. She lived in a tiny apartment all by herself. She was always glad when one of her married friends called her up to spend a week-end. And what made May such a desirable guest?

She was the sort of girl who would breeze into your house with a smile and the word of praise you were not expecting. You might be feeling a bit blue about your health since that last baby arrived. And at just this moment May would blow in with her "Sally, you're looking younger than ever—suppose you're delighted you're losing so much weight—why, you've lost ten right down to the old, girlish figure again!"

And immediately you feel stronger and you find yourself pinning up the stray locks and as you huddle about to get May a bite of a pier you find yourself chatting about everything under the sun, from new hats to favorite movie stars. May has a psychological effect on you, whether you know it or not. She is always part of your household. You never have to especially plan for her. If you have beef—why it's just the kind of meat she loves, and if you have fish—why she likes it better than any meat in the world.

Your window sills may be dusty. There may be a dozen different things awry in your home. But May knows how difficult it is to keep everything just so—especially when one's health is not up to scratch. And when you attempt to excuse your little laxities in house-keeping, May assures you with a smile that you keep house wonderfully well and she is not sure she could do half so well if she had such darling kiddies to play with.

Then there is the man guest. We like the man who can adapt himself to our mode of living. The jolly fellow who smiles at breakfast and has a pleasant word before retiring for the night. We like the guest who does not forget to show his appreciation by reciprocating.

A bachelor spent a week in the apartment of friends he had known back South. The young wife and her husband did everything in their power to make it pleasant for their guest. Yet this young bachelor made absolutely no effort at reciprocating.

Reciprocating is really more a matter of spirit than of expense. A simple little letter sincerely expressing one's gratitude would have satisfied these good people that their guest appreciated their efforts in his behalf. Yet that letter never came. Nor did a few flowers from the florist, nor an invitation to the theater ever come from this thoughtless guest.

Having guests, or being a guest, can be among the very sweet things of life. And the guest we like is the one who is apparently in sympathy with our mode of living. The guest we like never enters our homes with a supercilious manner. The guest we like reciprocates.

"I AM feeling very gloomy," said Miss Anastasia Jones. "Won't you stop and listen to me while I do some plaintive moans?" I had things to make me worry that day, and I was in a hurry. Do not pass me in a hurry; hear how sorrowful I am. But she gets but scant attention, for most people are supplied with such things as she will mention: cares are scattered far and wide. Anastasia may not know it, as she makes her day's moan, though some people never show it, they have troubles of their own. Yet they find far greater pleasure making other chappies smile than in spending all their leisure in a grim and dolorous style. If things are not always merry, count the sunny hours as mine, for it makes the days more cheery, and you'll soon forget the gloom. Count your joys from A to Izzard till you grin from ear to ear, and though wind and rain and blizzard still your skies will seem quite clear. There is nothing spreads like laughter, once it gets a little start, and the sunshine follows after as it goes from heart to heart. So, why stop with winter, with her tears fall like the dew; though her woes would much a naze you, after all, what is the use? What's the use of being dismal, what's the use of sigh and groan? Pity who long for gloom abysmal rake up sorrows of their own. Do not be like Anastasia, but hup up and dance with glee. Do not let your troubles phase you, and the pecky things will flee.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

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Fashion Fancies Seen in the Shops

The Times takes pleasure in presenting today the first of a series of fashion features designed to be of invaluable practical help to its readers.

In this column there will be shown each week illustrations with descriptions of the exact designs in up-to-date women's wear offered for sale here in Washington. These illustrations are sketched from the actual garments on display by the merchants.

The illustrator is a woman who knows art and value in clothes. Readers are assured that only those styles which appeal because they are up-to-the-minute and those which are readily obtainable in Washington will be presented.

Here is a house robe of pale blue crepe meteor, simply corded to effect fullness in sleeves, and ornamented with cream silk tassels. A tiny flower holds the garment in place. Notice the hem adorably ruffled to lend weight to this very graceful gown. \$27.50.

Many a costume owes its charm and distinction to a smart little hat like this one. The crown made of turquoise blue changeable taffeta with rolling brim of embroidered straw is one of the advance styles for spring. \$18.50.

Here we have a Georgette Waist of extra good quality. An accordion pleated frill falls gracefully in front and the sleeves are finished with a tiny black satin bow. It can be had in suit shades of navy, taupe, and bisque. \$4.45.

These white marquisette gloves, gauntlet style and lined with yellow are very good value and can be washed repeatedly. They can be bought for only \$2.00.

THE TIMES SHOPPER

Will gladly furnish the name and address of the firms where the original articles depicted in this column may be seen.

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THE TIMES SHOPPER

The Two Voices

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXV.

I was a rather subdued-looking young person who came into the living room to greet Ralph Norton that evening when he called.

"You are in trouble of some kind," he commented. "Let me help you!"

"Nobody can help me," Doris said, sinking into a great chair. "So let us talk about something more interesting than my affairs."

"But," the man protested, drawing a chair opposite her, "your affairs are what interest me most."

She did not reply for a moment. Then she said softly: "There are some things that are of concern to me that would not be to you."

"Such as what?" he quired.

"Hugh Rodney's return," Glancing at him under her lashes she saw him flush darkly.

"So he is back!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon," he added. "I did not mean to speak like that. I like young Rodney and am sorry for his accident."

She was silent.

"Perhaps," he suggested, with an effort to hide his perturbation, "you will tell me how he is."

She shivered. "He has suffered horribly," she said. "And he shows it." Moreover—

"What?" he demanded as she hesitated.

She dropped her voice to a whisper.

"He is blind."

"Good heavens!" Norton gasped. "You don't mean that! Oh, poor, poor chap!"

"Yes—and poor me!" she supplemented.

Now she looked at him, raising her eyes appealingly to his. All pity for Hugh Rodney was swept from his heart by his sudden compassion for this lovely and unhappy girl.

A Prejudiced Adviser.

"Surely—surely," he stammered, "he cannot expect—I mean—you will not—"

"Say it! Don't be afraid," she urged. "Oh, Ralph, I am so miserable, so upset, I cannot see my duty as I should, perhaps, but I am frightened! Please advise me!"

"I wish I dared," he said hoarsely. "But I cannot speak as a disinterested person, because your happiness means more to me than I can make you believe."

"Please tell me what you think my duty to Hugh is," she pleaded.

"That depends," he replied slowly. "You know how you really care for him."

He was watching her keenly, scrutinizingly. But she did not change color.

"That is just what I do not know," she confessed. "I did think I cared for him—when he was himself. Now—I saw him today—and the horror of it has not left me yet. His eyes—"

She shuddered before speaking again. "I simply cannot stand them!" she declared. "Yet I am told I must go to see him every day—must sit by him, talk to him, look at that awful blank face of his—act just as if I loved him!"